

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



If you want honorable Peace and continued Prosperity,
VOTE FOR WILSON

If you want war and all its horrors,
VOTE FOR HUGHES



Ethel Plummer

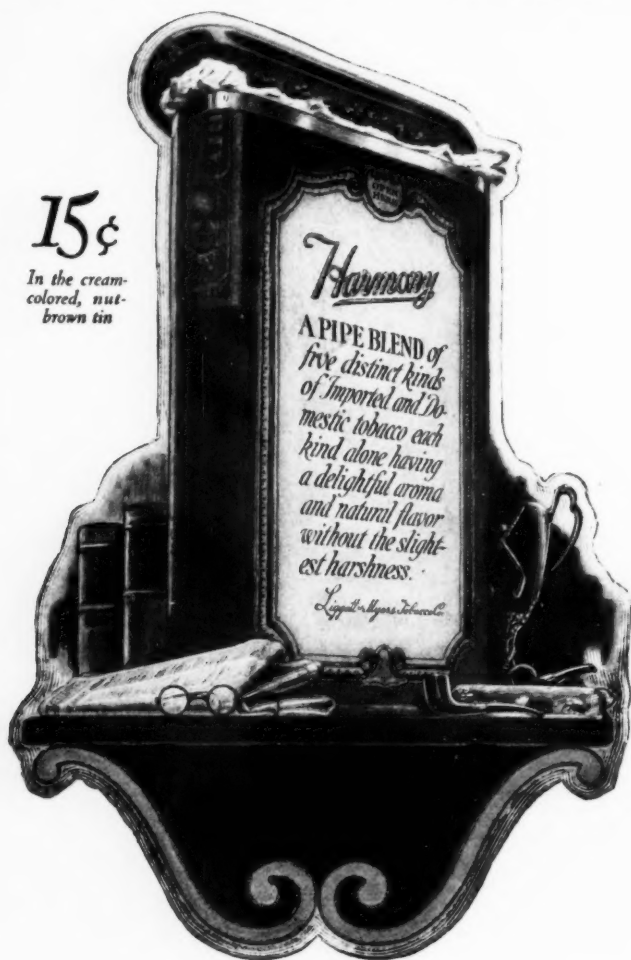
Painted by Ethel Plummer

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?"
"Probably. I'm the host."

The tobacco with a flavor so delicate—yet “full”—that it might be called “rich—mildness” *ss*

15¢

In the cream-colored, nut-brown tin



IF Harmony Pipe Blend were mild *alone*, you might tire of it. “Mild—alone” tobaccos do not wear well. And “over-rich” tobaccos are almost as discouraging, for they surfeit the palate in time as you’ve probably found.

The charm of Harmony Pipe Blend is in the happy balance of its several Imported and Domestic tobaccos—so intimately blended that you cannot tell where mildness leaves off and richness begins.

You will only know, and care, that you are getting, for the first time in the history of tobacco blending, a flavor so agreeable and so unusual that it might well be called “rich—mildness.”

Surely, it would please you, wouldn’t it, to find a tobacco like Harmony Pipe Blend that never grew tiresome.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

To be had at clubs, hotels and most tobacconists

OR WE WILL SEND IT TO YOU.

If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, and we will promptly send you this full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HARMONY

ss A PIPE BLEND *ss*

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as
Second-Class Mail Matter

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Mr. McLemore Replies

WE are glad, indeed, to accord Mr. McLemore the courtesy of the columns of Puck for the following communication:

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of Puck:

In the current issue of your publication, in an editorial entitled "Rulers of a Hughes Congress," the following occurs:

"To cap the climax, the House would be presided over by James R. Mann of Illinois, who voted for the McLemore resolution to surrender American rights on the high seas, and who, in his capacity as speaker, would be the guardian of National Honor in the House."

Just to keep the record straight, permit me to quote you that portion of the McLemore Resolution which had to do with American citizens traveling on the armed boats of the belligerent Nations:

"Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the Sixty-fourth Congress of the United States, do and it hereby solemnly does, request the President to warn all American citizens, within the borders of the United States or its possessions or elsewhere, to refrain from traveling on any and all ships of any and all of the powers now or in future at war, which ship or ships shall mount guns, whether such ship be frankly avowed a part of the naval forces of the power whose flag it flies or shall be called a merchant ship, or otherwise, and whether such gun or guns or other armament be called 'offensive' or 'defensive'; and in case American citizens do travel on such armed belligerent ships that they do so at their own risk."

There is nothing mandatory in the resolution and the President is only "requested" to warn American citizens against doing that which might unnecessarily involve this country in a war with some foreign power. The question of the "rights of American citizens" is not involved, but rather their duty instead to a hundred million fellow-citizens. A man may have a right to walk a street in New York under which there is tunneling and blasting, but if he should be warned by the Mayor that there was danger in traveling over such a street, it is a safe conclusion that he would seek his destination over or through some other thoroughfare. England recognized the justice of such a warning as that attempted in the McLemore

Resolution, when, in the war between Russia and Japan, the British Government warned its citizens in the Far East against traveling on the boats of the two powers then at war. That warning, as issued by the English Consulate at Shanghai, was as follows:

"All subjects of the Crown are notified that the British Government will not undertake to be responsible for the safety of any British subject leaving this port on a ship of either of the belligerent nations."

As England saw proper to issue such a warning when Russia and Japan were at war, why make such a distinction now, simply because the shoe is on England's other foot? Does this Nation owe such allegiance to England that it must needs seek an excuse to declare war against Germany simply that England may be saved?

Most respectfully yours,

JEFF. MCLEMORE

The Christmas PUCK

(On Sale November 27)

We have assembled for the Christmas number of Puck one of the most representative gatherings of artists and writers ever grouped in one issue of a humorous periodical, and their contributions give promise of a feast of fun and satire seldom set before the reading public.

A glance at this roster of wit will indicate what Puck is counting upon to produce the greatest number of its forty years of fun-making:

In Text

Holworthy Hall
Wallace Irwin
Arthur Guiterman
Chas. H. Towne
Elias Lieberman
Stephen Leacock
Joyce Kilmer
Carolyn Wells
K. L. Roberts
James Huneker
Chas. P. Cushing
Samuel Smiley
Curt Hansen

In Picture

Oliver Herford
Raphael Kirchner
Everett Shinn
W. J. Enright
B. Robinson
Power O'Malley
Otho Cushing
Fred Wales
Ethel Plummer
Ralph Barton
W. E. Hill
W. C. Morris
R. Van Buren

San Antonio, Texas.

DEAR SIR:

It is about thirty years ago since I read PUCK for the first time, and ever since I could enjoy at least some jokes in it. After I read your last copy I am fully disgusted with your paper and ask you kindly not to send any copy to me again as I think it a disgrace to have it on my library table. Neither I nor my four sons find any pleasure in reading anything like that.

Yours truly,

M. D. Beckmann

Gatun, Oct. 10, 1916.

DEAR PUCK:

Your paper is splendid now and I thoroughly like it. Please tell Rodney Thompson that his center page drawing (edition Oct. 7, 1916) shows banana leaves growing on a cocoanut trunk, which the same looks peculiar. I like the pictures just the same though.

Cordially,

V. A. Lyman

P. S. By the way, while the fundamental idea of the "Mexicans at Play" page 5, same issue, is all right, you'll never in the wide world find a Mexican with that dress or features. I lived among them in different parts of the country several years and know.

Hurst, Ill., Oct. 12, 1916.

EDITOR PUCK, New York:

I read the letters from the dissatisfied readers who wrote them regarding the Pro-Germans in this week's "Puck." As a man who has some copies of Puck of earlier days, worth \$5.00 a copy (this price more than once being offered to fill someone's library, I presume) I am willing to wager a forty cent stein of Wurzburger that every one of these temporarily excited gentlemen will hurry to the nearest news-stand to buy Puck each week so the newsdealers will have a benefit anyhow, even if the main office loses a few mailing orders. No one voluntarily dismisses a matter in which he or she may have an interest, rather the interest grows.

Very truly,

Herbert W. Cann

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"I ain't goin' out with Mickey no more. Last time I went out with him he had a nickel an' he only blew in four cents."

His Choice

FIRST CONVALESCENT SOLDIER: Did you go to the big society party they gave for us fellows yesterday?

SECOND CONVALESCENT SOLDIER: Yes.

FIRST CONVALESCENT SOLDIER: What did you think of it?

SECOND CONVALESCENT SOLDIER: Believe me, Bill, I'd rather have another ball go through me than go through another ball.

"What is Miss Oldbug giving this party in honor of?"

"She is the oldest woman in town to celebrate her thirtieth birthday."

"No!" thundered the stern Mr. Mussler. "I'll never trust my daughter's happiness to the precarious support of an inventor."

"But Harry is no ordinary inventor," sobbed the girl. "He has never tried to invent a substitute for gasoline."

FARMER: What are you doing?

PAINTER: I want to get a sunset.

FARMER: Wal, I'll bargain with ye for that one. Reckon it's mine. It's on my land.



UNCLE HIRAM: "If they kin send submarines over, nothing kin prevent a zeppelin coming next. Perhaps after all 'twouldn't pay to shingle the house this Fall."

Are You Tied to a Desk?

Or a House?
Or a Hobby?
Or a Hubby?

Have you forgotten how to play? Do you talk as if you were dictating a letter, or dismissing a cook, or lecturing on the lesser plants of the frozen tundras? If so, you should read

VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair likes to play. We have never grown up, and we don't intend to. We don't see the importance of always being earnest. We refuse to have a mission, except the mission of not having a mission. We dare to live and laugh; to employ the arts, the graces, the refinements, and the pleasures of life. We dare to play.

Don't be an old Maid, or an old Bachelor, or an Old Bore!

Play with us, and you will find yourself in a new-found land, entirely surrounded by invitations. You can talk! The round-eyed debutante, the high-tiaraed dowager, the soulful vers librist, the visiting celebrity, (whose name you cover yourself with glory by pronouncing), the romantic old ruin usually addressed as Aunt Maria—conversationally, they are all plain knitting to you.

You have something new and fascinating to say on every topic of the moment. You do things you never dared to do before. You keep the dinner party amazed, until the hostess, rising up, calls you blessed and vows to ask you again—and again.

One Single Dollar Makes You the Life of the Party

How is this all accomplished? Easily—by filling out this coupon for six issues of Vanity Fair. In its pages you will find enough, fresh, new, bubbling things to keep you in dinner conversation for the rest of the season.

People who can sparkle are always more popular than people who can only prose or preach. You, reading Vanity Fair, will shed your dignity, thaw out your disposition—drown your sorrows like unwanted kittens, and land with one graceful parabola in the front row of a perpetual pleasure party.

Don't be a Peter Bell—you remember, a dollar by the river's brim a simple dollar was to him—and it was nothing more. Be one of those far-sighted persons—like Rockefeller or Henry Ford—and realize that your dollar isn't merely a dollar; it means more; it means social grace, social aplomb, social success—it means VANITY FAIR.

VANITY FAIR

Condé Nast, Publisher

Frank Crowninshield, Editor

449 Fourth Avenue, New York City

25 cents a copy—\$3 a year

Please enter my subscription to VANITY FAIR for six months beginning with the current issue, at the special \$1 rate offered to readers of this magazine. Mail herewith (OR) I will remit \$1 on receipt of your bill.

Name.....
Address.....
P. 11-11-16

**BETSY ROSS**

— Drawn by Rollin Kirby

(Every German language newspaper and periodical in the United States is supporting Hughes. Nearly all of these papers are regularly and consistently Democratic.)



It is the holy duty of every German-American, with all the influence at his disposal, to secure the defeat of Wilson.

— Cincinnati Volksblatt

Yes, it is. Every man who puts the interests of Germany first should vote for Hughes. On that point Puck and the *Volksblatt* are in absolute accord.

Is it too soon for Theodore to begin a "battle for the Lord" in 1920?

Along with other revivals has come that of the back-buttoned blouse.

— *Fashion note.*

A godsend to joke-writers. It means a revival of the hooking-his-wife-up-the-back joke.

The average person does not know that there are more geysers of large size in our Yellowstone Park than in all the rest of the world together.

— *The Pathfinder.*

The trouble with the average person is that he is always filling his mind with such commonplaces as food, clothes and rent.

Coal in Italy is \$50 a ton. Hearing which the American coal baron pines away and dies of a broken heart. He knows it will take him another year at least to boost the price in America to a paltry \$10 a ton.

"I like golf because I still enjoy swinging a club and hitting something."

— *Old Pop Anson.*

We never thought of it in this light before, but golf, it would seem, ought to be immensely popular with policemen.

A cable from Paris states that "controversy still rages around the problem of providing husbands for the young women of France after the war." The solution should be easy of attainment. Simply ship them to this country as show girls, and our Pittsburgh millionaires will do the rest.

France has begun to employ Chinese labor in her munition factories.

— *Paris dispatch.*

Alas, the "Chinafication" of France!



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN
A modern version of another famous "Tattooed Man"

It has been said that republics are ungrateful, but not so. Would not "Sergeant Molly of Monmouth and Molly Stark of Bennington be amply repaid for any little inconvenience to which the American Revolution put them if they could but know that Mrs. Vernon Castle was impersonating them, page size, in a New York Sunday newspaper?

The man who would take candy from a child is a pretty good fellow after all. Milwaukee reports a man who stole the two front wheels off an invalid's chair.

Speaking to a campaign crowd, the mild and diffident Roosevelt answered a heckler as follows: "You fool and coward, go home and sober up!" No wonder the Common People love him. And how true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

The inventor of the proverb: You can't eat your cake and have it too, might concoct something neat and convincing for the folks who expect us to feed warring Europe and at the same time keep food prices in America from rising.

Wooden legs and arms are going up in price. Bone heads, however, will continue cheap and plentiful.

The Bronx Park Zoo thinks itself lucky to get a Celtic horse of the type existant in the Stone Age. Tush! To think of the Zoo authorities sending all the way to Iceland when they might have had their pick of Stone Age horses from among those employed on the Chambers or Prince Street cross-town lines.

— Drawn by Ray O. Evans



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

The trumpets are trumping,
Stump speakers are stumping,
In one last long finishing shriek;
Election draws closer,
Who'll win? We don't know, sir,
But—Hughes looks decidedly weak.

Although she must wear a
Cork leg, "Divine Sarah"
Continues in life to find fun;
As woman and actress
A world-benefactress,
Here's to her at seventy-one!

Oh Mercy! Good heavens!
The small school elevens
Are making the big ones grow pale.
Like Tufts, for example,
They run down and trample
On Harvard and Princeton and Yale!

From snug Cincinnati
The news comes that Matty
Has found a new pitcher out west;
But though he has signed one
He'll go far to find one
As good as himself at his best.

It seems the Allies are
Now finding it wiser
To dominate Greece by their might;
King Constantine's trembling,
His anger dissembling.
(Will Albert of Belgium please write?)

Rumania's taking
Great strides, and is making
Much progress, or that's what we hear.
The cause for alarm is
That lately her armies [rear!
Progress, with great strides—to the

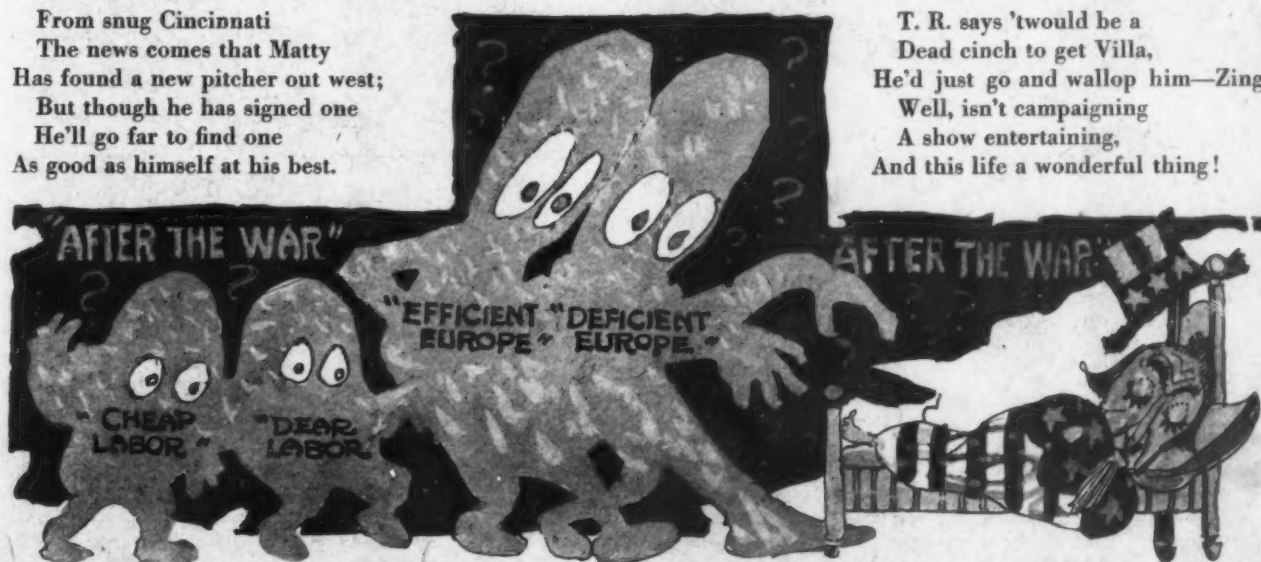
The Dead—some five million!
The Debt—Eighty Billion!
—Two items of cost of the war,
And all that vast measure
Of blood and of treasure
Is spent—tell us, Wilhelm, what for?

And when it is ended,
What then? Views are blended
Of hope and despair and of doubt;
God knows what's the answer
Much better than man, sir,
But—He isn't giving it out.

Another Cunarder
Was sunk, but the larder
Of England is still far from bare.
The high cost of living
At home here is giving
Some reason for worry and care.

But what's the use glooming?
The auto trade's booming;
Cars scurry wherever you roam.
The butcher and baker
And candle-stick maker,
Each has a nice one in his home.

T. R. says 'twould be a
Dead cinch to get Villa,
He'd just go and wallop him—Zing!
Well, isn't campaigning
A show entertaining,
And this life a wonderful thing!





Mr. Hughes Listening to a Few of His Supporters

—Drawn by Boardman Robinson



VOL. LXXX No. 2071

Will the
DACHSEAGLE
Be Our National Emblem?



WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11, 1916

A Vote for Hughes is a Vote for War

"WE believe," says a prominent German-American, "that the election of Mr. Hughes will bring about an embargo on the shipment of munitions of war to the Allies, and that this will be followed, if Great Britain does not promptly comply with the demand that she lift her illegal blockade, by official sanction of unrestricted submarine warfare." A million hyphenates in this country share this belief. Whether their belief is well founded or not, it does make Mr. Hughes a dangerous man. It is the belief, not the fact behind it that counts. The hyphenates in this country are certain that Hughes is for them. With every mail to Germany goes this message. By personal letter, by clippings from our German language press, this message is daily dinned into the ears of the German public. Hughes is their candidate. He is an honest man. When he is in office he will not forget his friends. "If, in the heat of the campaign he talks of being for America first, that must not be taken too seriously. Jeremiah O'Leary, Viereck, Isaac Strauss and the rest all say they are for America first. So says the candidate, too. We do not question the loyalty of Viereck or Strauss; why question the loyalty of Hughes?" It is as near certainty as human prediction can come that the German people, if Hughes is elected, will act on this assumption.

What will be the next step? The election on November 7th will bring about hilarious enthusiasm in Germany. During the ensuing weeks, agitation for a resumption of ruthless submarine warfare will wax hot. On March 4th, the storm will break. Before the end of March, Americans crossing the Atlantic in pursuit of peaceful errands, will be brutally murdered. President Hughes will probably hesitate to act. But the clamor of a party elected to power on a platform of action without words will force his hand We will have war. We will have the same war on this side of the Atlantic that is now devastating Europe.

That is what PUCK means when it advertises throughout the country that "a vote for Hughes is a vote for war."

What Bryan is Doing

EVEN to the most cynical, it should be apparent these days that William Jennings Bryan is laboring devotedly and unselfishly for the Democratic cause. At this writing he has stumped for the President in

sixteen western states, and will have toured three more before the end of the campaign. He is giving his whole time and energy to the work, and making four or five speeches a day. He is footing his own traveling expenses. A paper which is not in the habit of plucking bouquets for commoners (the New York Evening Post) reports of him: "He is giving more of time, energy and money combined than any other single man to bring about the re-election of Woodrow Wilson."

What is more, all reports agree that Mr. Bryan is doing this in no perfunctory manner, but with all the ardor of an evangelist. And if response from the people is his pay, he is being richly rewarded, for, judged by the amount of enthusiasm he is arousing, this is the most successful campaign of his career. He is, as he perceives, making more votes for Wilson than he ever won for himself.

"I can make a much better argument for the re-election of President Wilson than I ever could for myself," he explains. "For four campaigns I have been able to talk about promises only, but to-day I can point to a record greater than any Administration of our generation. Deeds are so much more convincing than promises."

This is not merely an attempt on the part of the speaker to prove himself a good sportsman. We are proud to give Mr. Bryan credit, even as the Post does, for "caring for a principle far more than a good many other men in public life to-day." That he should win more votes for Mr. Wilson than he ever did for himself is natural. Mr. Bryan is the finest type of idealist—a type more effective in working for a cause than in working for himself.

We cannot help but note, in passing, how much more dramatic a figure Mr. Bryan is in this campaign than Colonel Roosevelt. The Colonel stood by watching the fight and fondling a shillelah. Was this a private jamboree, or could anybody mix in? Finally, his impatience got the better of him and he had to take the plunge. He saw so many heads to bash that it made his mouth water.

Mr. Bryan is of a different temper. He was far from spoiling for a fight. He had had an encounter each year and had not emerged from it with much distinction. Mr. Bryan is not bloodthirsty, anyway. The whisper of conscience was all that urged him on. As usual, he did what he thought was right. He swallowed his pride and "sailed in."



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER: "Your future days will be very quiet (politically)."

In August 1917

(Being excerpts from daily newspapers in case matters go Republican)

(Special dispatch to the BLURB)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10 — What is regarded in official circles here as the most regrettable incident of the war occurred this afternoon, when a wild mob surged up Pennsylvania Avenue in the wake of Theodore Roosevelt's automobile and hooted and hissed the man who is at present doing so much for the Administration. Following the news of the sighting of belligerent warships off the Pacific coast, the mob is said to have been angered by the bulletin announcing the landing of enemy troops on Long Island, and the climax of frenzy was reached when Secretary of War Roosevelt appeared on the street in his armored car, bound for the Eastern front. There were cries of "Down with Teddy!" and "He got us into war!" and the police were finally called to disperse the hoodlums. Late to-night there is still occasional rioting, the police being unable to stamp it out completely owing to the depletion of their ranks by the necessities of war.

It is pointed out here that to-day's outbreak was most unpatriotic, as the public should be willing to trust to their leaders at a time of this sort. A statement by President Hughes, following the outrage, called attention to the fact that the people of foreign countries implicitly obey their governments in matters affecting the national welfare, and that they go forth to be killed,

with pride in their hearts and smiles on their faces. This opinion is shared by the Cabinet, Secretary Penrose calling attention to the number of persons in foreign countries who have committed suicide because they were denied the privilege of dying on the battlefield.



FAIR-MINDED SUFFRAGIST (to man who wants to get off): "No-no; keep your seat, sir, I insist!"

Prior to the departure of Secretary Roosevelt there was a general council of war, which was attended by the President and his Cabinet, as well as those Army and Navy officers who are at present in Washington. The Government, facing the possibility of warfare on four fronts, makes no attempt to minimize the dangers of the situation. The invasion of Texas by the Mexicans is not taken seriously here, however. As soon as the foes have been beaten back on the other three fronts, it is announced, it will be a simple matter to dispose of the Mexicans. The Government adds that it felt constrained to declare war upon Mexico, under the conditions existing at the time, and that the part of Texas captured is not particularly valuable anyhow.

Official Opinion on Capture of Detroit

(From our Washington Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22 — Admission is made, of course, that the capture of Detroit by the enemy from the North must be taken more seriously. It was thought to hurl the full force of our resources in this direction, but to-day's dire news from San Francisco and New York will necessitate the alteration of this plan. It is pointed out that more men are needed immediately, if our country is not to be overrun by the enemy, and the opponents of conscription here are steadily losing ground. The council of war was interrupted at one time by an old gentleman, evidently insane, who forced his way by the guards and broke into the room. He began to make a ridiculous speech in which he said that the country had been involved in no such difficulties during the peaceful administration of ex-President Wilson, but he was arrested by Secret Service agents before he could do any harm.

Off to the Front!

(Special to the New York CHIMES)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24 — This city is now bustling with military preparations, and the departure of troops for the front to-day was the signal for a fine outburst of patriotism. The troops were reviewed in front of the Capitol this morning by the President and Secretary Roosevelt, both of whom were attired in officer's uniform. The crowd was also in fine humor, as the news of the Western and Eastern invasions had not yet been received. After marching past the Capitol the troops entrained at Union Station for the North, but the news from California caused Secretary Roosevelt to wire orders an hour later to rush the men to the West. This was followed by the news from New York, and the Secretary then countermanded the order and sent instructions to send the men to the East. This order, however, was not properly signed, so the men are at present in their trains at Union Station, awaiting further instructions.

Washington also saw something of the sadder side of war this afternoon, when the first trainload of wounded from the Northern front arrived. Most of these men were wounded in the Battle of Mackinac, which

was fought with so disastrous results to our troops. The Department of Justice Building has been turned into a temporary hospital, and it is here that the wounded men are being housed. The men bring back wild tales of the excitement in the North, and of the ravaging of the country and the despoiling of the women by the enemy. North of Detroit the State of Michigan is at present a vast waste, with hamlets laid bare and hundreds of forest fires burning. The valuable copper mines, of course, have been seized by the enemy.

Food Shortage

(Special to the New York BUGLE)

Sept. 1, 1917.—Information received by the government concerning general economic conditions throughout the country are anything but encouraging, and it is realized that heroic measures will soon be necessary. The cost of living has reached a staggering figure, the average price of a loaf of bread now being slightly in excess of 26 cents, with the prospect of that figure being tripled as a result of to-day's war developments. Other necessities of life, of course, are priced in proportion, and it will soon be necessary to place all food under strict Government control, to appoint a Secretary of Food, and to issue to each citizen tickets calling for a certain amount of food a day. The general commercial stagnation, also, will mean the extension of this system to all other necessities, such as clothing, etc.

Difficult as it would be for the American public, accustomed to complete freedom of action, to exist with every personal desire throttled, the Government wishes to point out that this condition probably will be only the forerunner to one even more terrible. With pressure upon us from all four sides, such as now seems inevitable, it is a physical impossibility for the country to offer a successful resistance. The single shot already fired by the invaders on the East, which wrought dire havoc in New York's financial section, is regarded here as merely an indication of what is to come.

All of those fears, of course, are unofficial, since the Administration wishes to put a reasonably bold face upon matters and to appear in as favorable a light as possible. The information concerning the present unfortunate economic state is being gathered quietly—comparisons with the Wilson Administration are being discouraged. Business, of course, is at a standstill the country over. The prosperity that was ours is a thing of the past; so is our progress in art, in science. One and all, the higher aspirations of life have been forgotten. Instead of exerting our influence to reclaim the European nations from the barbarism of war, we ourselves have drifted into it—and are about to be swallowed by it.

Muzzling the Press

(Special Dispatch from the Washington Correspondent of the BUGLE)

Sept. 15th, 1917.—One of the Democratic papers this morning published the following unpatriotic editorial: "Our warnings were not heeded when, in pre-election time, we tried to show the American people the results



TARDY MR. VOTER!

THE BRIDE: "There was I, — a-waitin' at the church."

— Drawn by Otho Cushing

of a change of Administration. We told them that the interests which brought on this war with Europe and with Mexico were the interests represented by the most selfish and conscienceless elements of Wall Street, but our words fell upon deaf ears." The Administration is taking steps to have these unpatriotic utterances suppressed.

Sept. 16, 1917 — In my telegram of yesterday I referred to the unpatriotic editorials in several of the Democratic papers. I mentioned that drastic measures looking toward their suppression were under way. This morning another one of these papers, the name of which need not be mentioned here, published some statistics for which the Government has decided to suspend the publication until further notice. This Democratic organ took occasion to repeat some figures

which we all know — that in the year of 1916, under the Wilson Administration, there was a crop of corn amounting to 2,718,000,000 bushels of corn and 106,620,000 fertile acres under cultivation. In Europe, during 1916, there were approximately 2,500,000 killed, maimed and captured, and there were 2100 miles of blood-soaked battle front. The paper, which has now been suppressed, took occasion to point out that the corn crop for the current year will be cut to about one-half and that the area of fertile acreage will be cut down to an even smaller figure because of the lack of men to till the fields. On the other hand our area of battlefield is larger than that of Europe. However, as these facts are well known to all and only serve to emphasize the most unfavorable aspects of the war, the paper was quite properly suppressed.

Original Openings

The department of the Seven Arts is not an information bureau. I mention this fact rather regretfully because I imagine nothing pleasanter, on a newspaper staff than the Questions and Answers department. To sit all day in a cozy little 'central,' and appease the curiosity of the millions strikes me as a job just a shade lower than that of the Eternal Omniscient. No doubt I should tire of repeating that George Washington was born on such and such a date (really I've forgotten when); or that the best fruit flavored ice-cream is Horton's or that Billie Burke doesn't eat kosher, despite the suspicious ring of her name — the Jews and the Irish are much closer on tribal customs than are the Russians and Turks. Numberless inquiries are annually made at newspaper offices, and of poor old "Information" in all the railroad stations, not forgetting "Ask Mr. Foster" — I did, only the other day in Havana — and they all must be answered. But, not only because of Space, but also of Time — (the ineluctable categories of the late Papa Kant of Königsberg) — I am prohibited from answering all the questions that pour into Puck, some of them interesting, some stupid, a few impertinent. I regret this state of affairs, for I can do nothing to remedy it. There is the young man who is interested in "literature" and wishes naturally, to become a best-seller. I can't tell him what disappointments loom ahead of him. Why should I discourage him? Journalism is its own reward. Once a newspaper man, always a cocotte. ("Spell it with a V. Samivel!" remarks the elder Weller). And he who lives by the pen shall perish by the pen. What's the use? The young man — for young women seldom ask advice and go ahead willy-nilly — will not be driven away from his ambition, and so I simply tell him to get on a newspaper and he will learn more about his profession in a year than if he had pored over such treatises on style as those by Sir Walter Raleigh (the living, not the immortal one); Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, or Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Technical Elements of Style." Then there is the lady or girl, who wishes to consult me about the disposition of her manuscript poems, her temperament, and her destiny. I would gladly see her, but my wife won't let me. However, the other day I received a letter in which the writer begged me to send him a few unconventional openings for his various fictions; also some titles. Rather an unconventional demand, especially when you consider how rare are novel titles and openings.

When I decided to use "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" for a recent book I explained to my publisher that it came from the Old Testament. I had meant to be more original, but the Bible is public property, like Shakespeare, and though the entire publisher's staff implored me to print my first title "Ivory, Plums and Pomegranates," I was obdurate. Apes and Peacocks, or nothing, I swore. I give this modern incident as an example. Nothing is more difficult than to dig up new titles or invent fictive original openings. Nevertheless, let's try:

False

Now, that title is war-worn, yet it can be given a twist and it is renewed: "The Earl of Rathmenes carelessly removed his upper-set and idly toyed with the burnished teeth, apostrophizing them as his pet 'Toothums,' when,



The Seven Arts by James Huneker

suddenly, Ethylinda entered the apartment — the smoking room in Castle Pyorrhoea — and pausing before the Earl she screamed: 'False! I've trapped you at last.' Here is, if you please, a dental tragedy of a most poignant order. With proper handling it might at last be shown in the Movies. Perhaps something romantic is desirable. Let us look at the thirty-six dramatic situations and see if there isn't a thirty-seventh!

Mucilage

"They sat in the arbor, Hester and Henry, and held hands [this isn't novel, but it is very human] 'Call me Hetty!' she softly whispered as she rested her sunburnt hair on his vest. 'I will if you will call me in return Hen.' 'But you're not a hen,' she reprovingly remarked; she had studied in Boston the rudiments of sex education; 'You are a male.' He sneered. She indignantly attempted to rise but could not. 'Ha!' exclaimed Hen. 'You are glued to the spot, and your eyes are mad with emotion.' 'You read that phrase' said Hester, 'in some silly story.' 'It is true'; and then they kissed, and after a heavy shower she arose and sadly regarded the remnant of her dress on the bench. 'Passion is supreme' she murmured, as she went through the gloaming with Hen to the well for a drink of water. Thus do extremes meet."

Foiled!

And the omnipresent detective tale? A new title is out of the question so I prefer the oldest, "Foiled!" It is quite complete. But a new variation of the rusty themes is not impossible. Read, young authors, who wish to put Sherlock Holmes in the shade! "The facts in the case" solemnly said Sir Pundit Bullion, the South African billionaire, to Shem McGonigle, the famous Iceland Sleuth, 'are these. The small package containing the precious jewels stood on this table altogether unguarded, for I go on the Poe principle — you recall the M. Dupin of the Poe tale — that a valuable object if carelessly placed anywhere never excites the curiosity of thieves. I was mistaken, sadly mistaken, and after my loss — the stones, though uncut, are of enormous value — I sent for you, Shem McGonigle. If anyone can discover the thief and recover the diamonds, you are the man.' (Business of bowing and an expression of gratified vanity on the part of the great detective, followed by modest shoulder-shrugging and head shaking). 'On this table, Sir Pundit, you say?' The detective made a brisk movement as he swept the contents of the table with his keen sky-blue glance. 'Yes, on this very table and in a Russian leather box, covered with an old newspaper,' returned the baronet. 'And the reward, and how long do you give me?' retorted the little sleuth, as he arose, his face blazing with anticipation. 'I'll give you years, and when the box is returned I'll hand you my cheque for 20,000 pounds sterling.' 'Agreed!' cried Shem, 'and now, Sir Pundit, let me have a few minutes alone in this chamber. I wish to absorb mentally the atmosphere, and to make some secret and sinister measurements.' The billionaire agreed, and muttered as he left the apartment: 'A new sort of a detective, this. Absorb the atmosphere! To sniff the aura of the thief? He belongs to the psychic school of crime detectives. Good-bye, my diamonds.' As soon as the door closed on his portly person Shem fairly sprang at the table. It was crowded with books and papers. Seizing a newspaper-covered package he tore it open

(Continued on page 20)



PEOPLE PUCK WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE
 II. The Broadway Manager to the Muse of Classic Comedy

—Drawn by Oliver Herford

Mr. Hughes Makes Answer



On the eve of the Presidential election, Uncle Sam asks the candidates how they stand on the important questions of the day. The answers of the candidate for re-election is told in the legislation passed by him. The attitude of the candidate who wants to displace him is revealed in his speeches. As long as we have no past actions to go by, we must go by his words. So —

Uncle Sam Asks:

Where do you stand, Mr. Hughes, on the subject of an embargo on the exportation of munitions of war?

Do you believe in the bitterly anti-German attitude of jingoes like Colonel Roosevelt, or do you believe in the bitterly anti-Ally attitude of hyphenates like Jeremiah O'Leary both of whom are supporting you?

Do you approve of the Wilson Income Tax Law which is the best legislation that we have had in America to equalize the burden of taxation upon rich and poor?

What measures would you take to combat the activity of hyphenated bomb-plotters like Fay, Scholz, etc.?

What would be your future policy in Mexico? What would you do now to remedy existing conditions?

Candidate Hughes Answers:

"As I was on the bench 100 per cent. a Judge, I then (when nominated) became 100 per cent. candidate."

— *Chicago Speech.*

"I stand for progress, for a curtailing and remedying of every abuse, and I claim the support of all Republicans and Progressives."

— *Los Angeles Speech.*

"The (present) administration has been more wasteful and more extravagant than any."

— *Detroit Speech.*

"If there are any hyphenated plots and conspiracies, the Administration is to blame."

— *Speech of Acceptance.*

"We had no right to insist on the elimination of Huerta."

— *Detroit Speech.*

Do you approve of the Wilson Federal Reserve System or would you prefer a Central National bank that could be better controlled by the big interests?

Are you in favor of the Wilson Child Labor Legislation which forbids to interstate commerce, articles manufactured by the labor of children?

Do you approve of the Wilson Rural Credits Legislation which has for the first time extended to the farmer the same opportunity for borrowing the capital he needs as the man in the city?

We all realize that the principle of promotion by seniority in Congress is a vicious one, often leaning to putting the weakest or the most objectionable man into power.

"I am in favor of an amendment to the Federal Constitution establishing woman suffrage."

"A Republican has been removed as director of the census and a Democrat substituted."

— *Detroit Speech.*

"I believe in organization. I thoroughly believe that you cannot do anything without organization. I believe in efficiency in politics just as much as in anything else."

— *Reno Speech.*

"Some people think I should say what I shall do to stop the practices I am attacking. I have frankly replied that I don't know."

— *Spokane Speech.*

This will be particularly true of your Administration. If a Republican Congress is elected, the chairmanship of the most important committees in the Senate will fall to Senator Penrose, Senator Murray Crane, Senator Gallinger, Senator Smoot. What would you do to remedy these conditions?

"I do not carry panaceas for the evils I know to exist."
— *Billings, Montana Speech.*



Publicity Work

KATHRYN: Of course, this story about Kate is just between us two.

KITTYE: Sure! And between us two it ought to get a pretty wide circulation.

The Wellwisher

THE INTIMATE FRIEND: Congratulations on your nomination. I hope you'll be elected and become great and famous.

THE POTENTIAL STATESMAN: Thanks. That's a generous wish.

THE FRIEND: Not at all. Because if you do, I can make a good living selling anecdotes about you to the magazines.

"Darling, would you love me as deeply were I to lose my looks?"

"Remember, dearie, that the day I fell in love with you, you wore an automobile coat and goggles."

"Do you believe it is unlucky to marry on a Friday?"

"Why should Friday be an exception?"

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: I trust that you are always truthful, Mary.

THE NEW MAID: Yis, mum, I am on me own account. I only lies to the callers for the missus.



— Drawn by W. C. Morris

T. R.: "Cheer up, Charlie; if you lose, you can help me make it in 1920"

GIVE US EACH DAY OUR DAILY PEST

II—The Tennis Fan.

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

THE chief affront of which the tennis-pest is guilty is the bland assumption on his part that your palpitation each morning renders shaving dangerous until you have quieted your overwrought nerves by a perusal of the tennis news.

He is an abomination in his cool self-satisfaction. You meet him on your way down town, murmur a polite "Good Morning," and receive this startling acknowledgment to your greeting:

"Great game Biffem played yesterday!"

This, coming from a clear sky early in the morning, staggers you momentarily. In the first place, you never heard of Biffem in your life, and worse than that, you haven't the slightest notion what game he plays. But you spar for wind.

"Yes," you venture, "Biffem is the best base-runner since they gave up sliding gloves."

"Base-runner?" His contempt fairly bristles.

"Certainly." You are determined now to see it through. "I've always thought Biffem was the quickest man on the bases in either league, Big or Bush."

"You never saw Biffem on a baseball diamond in your life," the pest snorts. "He is a tennis player!"

"Oh-ah-why yes, so he is! I must have

been thinking of Soakem," and you retire in disorder behind your paper.

But this doesn't faze the hardened tennis pest. In an instant he resumes the offensive.

"Great courts they have at Forest Hills," he coos, luring you out beyond your depths again.

You faintly recall some sort of a court at the club, where on rare occasions one or two of the athletically inclined members foregather.

"Excellent courts!" You feel sure of your ground here. "Well seasoned wood, with good long grain, aren't they?"

"My God, man! Where did you ever see wooden tennis courts?"

"At the club," you parry, but faintly.

"Ugh! Squash, and rotten ones at that! I'm talking about tennis courts."

"Oh, so you were; beg pardon," and meekly you again seek the friendly protection of your paper.

But you've only whetted the appetite of the real tennis pest.

"Never saw such balls as Yamanaki slammed across yesterday. Tell you what," he is fairly beaming now, "that Jap knows how to play."

"Yes, indeed," you acquiesce; "were the balls hard?"



"A hard ball in tennis!"

"Well, darned few of them were returned," cries the pest.

"No, no; what I mean is, are they still using the old-fashioned hard ball?"

"A hard ball in tennis!" A murderous glint appears in his eye.

"Certainly." You begin to feel the upper hand here. "When I used to play as a child, we used hard balls, but it seems to me I heard something recently about adopting a softer ball."

"I guess you did," the pest declares, pityingly. "What did they call those hard balls of your innocent childhood?"

"Well," you ponder, "I remember the Musselbergh, and the Silvertown and the —"

A shriek of despair interrupts you, as the pest flees into the smoking car behind.

"They're golf balls, they're golf balls," he hurls back at you with withering scorn.

And as you return to the enjoyment of the news, you reflect, "Well, I got rid of him that time."

Placing the Blame

THE HEAVY: I hear that your interpretation of Hamlet was hissed at the High Forehead Theatre last night.

THE LEAD: Ah, yes! The performance was billed as a Shakespearian revival and I suspect some partisans of Bacon resented it.

"Look here, now, Harold," said a father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers, you won't go to Heaven."

"I don't want to go to Heaven," sobbed the boy; "I want to go with you and mother."

WILLIE: I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy."

TOMMIE: What makes you think that?

WILLIE: Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing.



"Great game Biffem played yesterday!"



ON THE LINKS

—Drawn by H. Devitt Welch

MISS FORTYODD: "By the way, you're not the caddie I've had before?"
 CADDIE: "No'm; you see we tossed to see who'd get you."
 MISS FORTYODD (greatly pleased): "Tut, tut—you bad boys! And you won?"
 CADDIE: "No, I lost!"

One Way Of Looking At It

Playwrights occasionally emit passionate and guttural outcries against the low instincts and depraved characters of the theatrical managers who allow submitted manuscripts to mellow in the wood of their desks for months and sometimes for years before arriving at any decision concerning them. These playwrights should consider the hen. In this country there are 1,716,000,000 eggs in cold storage. The hen, however, does not moan pitifully because the result of her labors is being withheld from the public. She does not work herself into a fever of resentment against the persons who have stored the results of her labors, instead of feeding them to an anxious public. She does not flap her wings in the highest of high dudgeon, tear her feathers from her head in a frenzy, and vow by all the gods in poultrydom never to lay another egg for anyone who won't promise to eat the egg as soon as she has laid it. Not at all! She goes to work and lays more eggs with the utmost facility and unconcern; and the egg-speculators accept them and store them and sell them in the course of time at a price which makes all hens' eggs more valuable. In the dim past, a housewife who was forced to pay fifty cents a dozen for eggs would have con-

sidered herself undone, if not financially ruined. To-day we pay seventy-five cents a dozen for eggs with only a passing murmur. In the dim past there was many a master playwright who would have considered himself on a par with J. Pierpont Morgan and E. H. Harriman, in so far as earning power was concerned, if he had received \$500 for a play. To-day there are



Miss Bearnez Nokemded, the daring star of the "Follies of 1916" is photographed at the Piping Rock race meet.

a number of Class B playwrights who grow sullen and kick the cat if any of their plays fail to draw down royalties of \$500 a week for forty weeks each year. The playwright who is prone to protest at the ways of managers should remember the hen and double his output.

"Why shouldn't I marry—with my income?"

"No reason whatever—if you'd sooner have her than the income."

MRS. NEWLYWED: You told me that you had a large income!

HUSBAND: If that's all that you married me for, I'm glad that I haven't got it!

TEACHER: Have you ever forgiven an enemy?

TOMMY: Yes'm. Once.

TEACHER: What noble sentiment prompted you to do it?

TOMMY: He was bigger'n me.

THE MOTHER: Do you think he has matrimonial intentions, dear?

THE MAID: I certainly do, mother. He tried to convince me last night that I appeared to better advantage in that \$12 hat than in the \$50 one.

SHE: Why do you wish to kiss me?

HE: I am a disciple of the Golden Rule.

Some people are absent-minded; with others the mind is absent.

Nature has designed that man should be trusty and credulous, while woman is trusted and incredible.

An ex-baseball pitcher, now with the British Army, has been commended for his skill in hurling hand grenades. Perhaps he saw an umpire in the German trenches.

The straw votes to date prove that the candidate who gets the most votes will probably win.



Mrs. Gotlota Mazuma, the mother of the season's youngest debutante, also poses for the camera.

The Witches'

The under dog is frequently getting what has been coming to him for a long time.

In the double header game of life, it is wise to play as though there were always a big league scout in the grandstand.

Life is full of trials — with an occasional conviction.

Most of the real things of life are entirely irrational.

Some men burn their fingers trying to hold a candle to enlighten the world.

A man can't be made a fool of without his own unqualified assistance.

Impulse is the speed throttle of the soul — reason its emergency brake.

Make an impression before the concrete sets.

Conscience is the old hound that howls mournfully alone in the night.

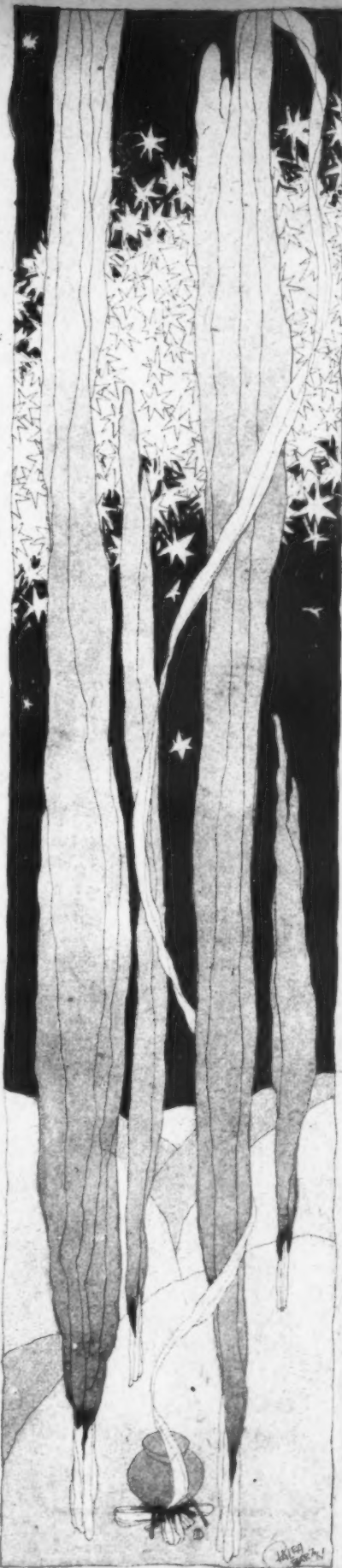
Most men spend the morning of life in preparation, the afternoon in harness, and evening in memories of things half done.

The owl seldom flocks with birds of a feather — that's why people call him a wise old fowl.

Man is a wild Buick with a broken steering gear on the Turnpike of Chance.

The only well-bred thing about some people is their Pomeranian.

People who speak their minds usually say very little when you analyze it.



Caldron

It takes as much real courage to raise a few geraniums in the shadow of a glue factory, as it does to lead a company into the second line of trenches.

Many a man running on soft tires and brakes that won't hold, curses fate when the breakdown comes.

A pirate alone with remorse and a treasure chest on a desert island is no more lonesome than a poor old rich man with nothing in the world but money.

Broad Highways

The man who frets and pushes and jostles in his attempts to get ahead — usually does.

He gets way ahead of himself, and the things he strives for often turn like gray wolves to eat up his imagination and devour his soul.

Companionship and the ability to play won't wait around until a man makes a specified amount of money.

No man grows except he conquer his own limitations — most of which he carefully manufactures for himself.

Some men work so hard to beat out a competitor they forget the real business of life is living — they throw away their dreams to fill a safe deposit box with musty bonds.

A man really lives when for the moment he is able to cut his way through the barbed wire entanglements which routine throws about his spirits — when he can feel the joy and glory of the living things around him.

The high stars on a still June night — the smell of a campfire at twilight — the far-off call of a bluebird on a bright spring morning — the whisper of leaves in an Autumn breeze — such perceptions are highways for the soul.

Let us be sure to keep the road open and the way clear.

— C. Roy Dickinson.



THE PURSUIT OF PRIVACY—EPISODE SIX

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

A Dark Mystery

But Billie is on the job and he's there with the goods. We always try to give our customers service and quality, so with Craig working in the lead and the other boys following up and the old man to give them a lift, we expect to make October a hummer. Try us in October.—Newt. W. Moores.

—*The Hobart (Ore.) Democrat-Chief.*

And In The Culture Belt?

Following the musical program Mrs. J. T. Miller read an article on "Personal Devils." Seventeen were present.

—*The Boone (Ia.) News-Republican.*

He Was Lovely

The bride wore a lovely dress of white crepe de chine and carried a beautiful bouquet of narcissus. The groom was fittingly attired for the occasion in a black evening dress.

—*The Forsythe (Mont.) Journal.*

She Will Become One

Wanted—Woman who is willing to learn cooking or a good lady cook. Apply at once. Kimberly Hotel.

—*Adv. in the Appleton (Wis.) Post.*

They Were Slight At Any Rate

The jam became so severe that a number of women suffered slight bruises in the lobby.

—*The Gary (Ind.) Post.*

Where Some People Live

Mrs. Mattie Lester has accepted a position in Chicago, on the Northwestern elevated, where she will spend the winter.

—*The Antioch (Ill.) News.*

This Ought To Make It Right

A Correction—In last week's issue there was a notice of the wedding of Mr. R. B. Minton and Miss Myrtle Cole, and in the hurry of things there was a portion of the account left off, in this that it was not told who Miss Myrtle married. We hasten to state that Miss Colé was married to a real gentleman, in the person of R. B. Minton, a man that we all feel proud of, one who will make his mark in the business world and a good living for his affable wife. We hope that an occurrence of this kind will not happen again.

—*The Barbourville (Ky.) Advocate.*

Look Before You Print

Joe Mullins came into our office on Monday and said sarcastically, "Some newspaper this is, ain't it? Didn't you know there was a big son down to our place a fortnight ago?" We did not doubt Joe's word in the least, but some parents are so touchy, it is not our custom to publish such items hastily. However, our society editress will look into the matter.

—*The Belmont (Mass.) News.*

Remorse

Following the murder, Schupp rode to New York on a truck and sat for some time on a park bench. Feeling remorse for what he had done, he returned to Newark and went into a saloon at Clinton and Mulberry streets, where he sang until 2 o'clock in the morning.

—*The New York Tribune.*

Showing How Little It Takes to Get in The Papers

Joseph Francis Smith, 22 months old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo A. Smith, residing at 114 North Fourth street, had a remarkable escape from fatal if not serious injury last evening.

—*The Columbia (Pa.) Journal.*

Music Doesn't Go Here

When a man gets to imagining that he can sing, he is liable to lose time on his regular job. It takes time to sing. When a mocking bird gets in a singing notion, it knocks off from work and perches itself in a lofty tree top to thrill us with its melody. When a man gets to thinking he is a songster, why does he not take to a tree where nobody can get him?

—*Wilmington (N. C.) Star.*

What Is He On Other Days?

Rufus Underhill makes a good cop Saturday, when John McAllister, nightwatchman and marshal of this city was in Dexter, Rufus was the keeper of the official star, and other paraphernalia and there wasn't a single riot in the city. Of course, there might not have been one anyway, but just the same Rufus deserves credit of being a mighty fine officer.

—*The Bloomfield (Mo.) Vindicator.*

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Tra-la

Tra-lee"

"Mr. Janitor, that nightingale family on the top floor is a nuisance! They keep the whole house awake!"



LOOK AROUND NOW FOR YOUR EXIT

Boarding House vs. Mansion

In "Rich Man, Poor Man," George Broadhurst has contributed nothing which is likely to end the "idea famine" which has persisted since the beginning of this theatrical season. There are, nevertheless, some effective scenes in this story of the young girl who is successfully and without knowledge of the fraud on her part imposed upon the rich, old tyrant as his grand-daughter. The two scenes that pass in the boarding house are far more real than those in the living room of the man of large, mythical affairs in Wall Street. Largely, we imagine, because for one act, the rich man's house is weirdly decorated with some of the least real of artificial flowers.

Posies and Virtue

Stage decoration does not seem to have progressed far in the use of artificial flowers. There is a party in "Fixing Sister" also and the stage is smothered in roses. But as all the guests at the bridge party think it "exquisite" it is silly to cavil, and then, too, there are more serious defects in this comedy by Lawrence Whitman.

He Is There Always

William Hodge has a chance to play the type of American that he does play. Whether he plays it well is difficult to gather, for the result is the same, in "Fixing Sister" where he is supposed to be a reasonably rich man from Kansas City, as it was in "The Road to Happiness" in which the typical American was a struggling country lawyer or man of all trades. As in "The Man From Home," Mr. Hodge has merely to see a foreigner to scent an imposter. By a faked raid on his sister's house during a bridge party (very well staged) and a cable from England he gets rid of the bogus lord. Sister marries the lover of her youth and all go back to Kansas City.

An Importation

In an English musical comedy "Betty" Raymond Hitchcock has come back from the movies via London. Aside from the familiar humor of the man who made "The Yankee Consul" there is youth, beauty and charm. Also Joseph Santley.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS



Into the Light

The world has become quite hardened to, and if the truth will out, much bored by "daughters of revelation" on the stage. Hence "Hush" a comedy by Violet Pearn which Winthrop Ames has produced at the Little Theatre registers no thrill. There is a prologue in which a great deal of suspense is occasioned by confusing supposed actualities with a play that the "daughter of revelation" has written. Where other women say "Hush!" she cries "Look!" Of course the father and mother of her betrothed go to the play and find it "Victorian." Estelle Winwood as the heroine of the play within a play distinguishes herself and gives much promise for the future.

The Other Sort

There is another sort of "daughter of revelation." Annette Kellerman in "A Daughter of the Gods"—a film drama—is a particularly good example. Defying the censor in the matter of raiment will doubtless insure great popularity for this film. Some of the sea scenes are truly beautiful but the story is childishly dull. The staging of the battles alongside of the work done by Griffith in this field in *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance* is mediocre.

A New Caption Writer

Shakespeare has gone into the movies again and is getting his chance to prove the worth of his dramas in two different versions of "Romeo and Juliet." In the one he has the aid of the incomparable Theda Bara, the vampire woman. Most of the captions are from the original text and it is interesting to know that Shakespeare was apparently the first to write "That Night."

The Very Best

Moving picture captions often have a grandeur all their own, and it is a pity to branded from Shakespeare. Could he have written "The Future of Yesterday—the branded chattel of a watchful fate"? The writer of a recent film wrote the above caption in the course of a day's work.



OFFICER: "Now then, what're ye doin' on that grass?"

DISGUSTED BOY: "Aw, Gee! we're rockin' it to sleep fer ye!"

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

and fell back, his eyes dazzled by the spectacle of such Golconda splendors: 'I thought so!' he hoarsely said: 'What swag! Shall I keep it or return it? That, as Hamlet says, is the question.' For a brief period the soul of Shem McGonigle was a battlefield. Satan's hosts were hurried from hell and hurled themselves on the conscience of the trembling detective. 'You have as much right to the wealth as that old master-thief, who robbed the natives of their diamond mines. Take the box and go. He will never know. Only think of your power. You will be emperor of the financial world. John D. may have to borrow car-fare from you some day,' (this last, gentle reader, is a sop to the sentimental socialist who may happen to read my anecdote). Hot perspiration bathed Shem from head to toes. He had not been so wet all at once since he was baptized. Then his Guardian Angel (caps!) got the upper hand and Satan Mekatrio retired discomfited. His angel had won the moral victory by simply whispering in Shem's ear: 'You will get pinched for the job, my lad. Sir Pundit is watching you through a secret panel. Quick, get busy! Here he comes.' So Shem won the battle, as Sir Pundit entered with a bland: 'Well! How have you made it out?' 'Here's the booty' said Shem in jocular tones. 'You simply overlooked the package this morning, so excellent is your device in rendering valuables unobtrusive.' The baronet beamed and clearing his throat nervously asked: 'And your fee, Sir?' 'My taxi-fare. No more. I'm an honest sleuth, Sir Pundit, and I only did my duty.' He closed his eyes beatifically, put out his hand expectantly—he thought of course he would be handed a 1000 pound note—and silently cursed as he grasped a shilling. But the baronet bowed to him, and that always costs money. Moral: Honesty is a poor life-insurance policy." I must stop. Enough hints, however, there are for an enterprising young writer to develop. The fictions of society, of adventure, of the soul, and politics, might all be taken up and re-orchestrated. American fiction, in particular, is sadly in need of newer and richer orchestration. At present it is chiefly cornet with mechanical piano accompaniment.

The Grievance of a Slighted Letter

A knock at the door, and without waiting an invitation there entered a tall, rather clumsy man who had a sad face and a waddling gait. He did not beg pardon for his intrusion but began without preamble: "Sir, I am the Letter U, the capital 'U, and the lower-case u, who is so slighted in your present barbarous spelling. Knowing you to be a writer who is sympathetic with my wretched plight I wish to make an appeal. Since the hideous orthography of your country became the practice, the very life is drained out of the beautiful words I formerly adorned with my presence. From 'colour' there has fled all its color; 'honour' is no longer honorable; and 'valour' does not indicate bravery without my aid; and 'ardour' and 'candour,' and 'vigour' and 'glamour'—what of them! Think of the list of vocables from which I am nowadays banished. There's my grandson, a wretched upstart, who without me would have been nameless. 'Double-you,' he is called, though on the printed page he makes a ludicrous appearance with his straddle-legs. Look at him, look at W! In French they evade him; in German they simply pass him over, renaming him V. In English they call him Double-You and I can assure you it makes him furious. Even in certain good old-fashioned expressions they dodge him, employing at times the more honest 'H' or the more expressive 'O'. I know I'm boring you, my dear Sir, but when am I going to get back my 'colour,' my 'honour,' my 'valour?'" "When we stop our infernal spelling of 'though' as 'tho,' and 'thorough' as 'thoro,'" I hastily answered, as I bowed out my queer, unbidden guest. Then I sat back, took a long breath, and wrote a letter to Professor Brander Matthews. He is the principal sinner in the affair.

FRIEND: By the way, old fellow did you, ever read the story of the flood?

MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR: No; what's the use? I couldn't adapt it to the films.

"Where are you going to move to?"

"I don't know. I can't keep a wife in the city and I can't keep a cook in the country."

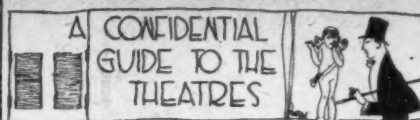
Man never has any luck. With strikes to the right of them and strikes to the left of them, the fashion designers go on working.

On the morning after election Mr. Hughes will be able to say that the campaign kept him out in the open air, anyhow.

T. R. and Taft sat down to lunch together the other day, and they arose in perfect agreement. Both thought the minced chicken was good.

Aeroplane inventors might profitably study the construction of the cost of living, which never seems to have engine trouble.

The cost of paper continues to advance, and "worth the paper it's written on" will soon be a way of praising.



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AGENT: (to applicant) "This part will require somebody able to make exceedingly quick changes."
"That's me! in my last engagement I changed in fifteen seconds from a polar bear in the arctic scene to a butterfly crossing the equator."

The Eighth Art

Mr. Huneker is stingy. He has discovered only Seven Arts. There is an Eighth. It is Football. You thought it was a game? Nonsense. It is an Art. I can prove it. How do you know an Art when you come across it? By its jargon, of course. Football has a jargon. It is a complete, a wonderful jargon. There — proof. And you thought it was a game! Bah! Listen to me, listen to Reggie Brown, listen to Hurry Up Yost, listen to anybody Who Knows. You saw Harvard make a forward pass. At least you called it that. You were wrong, of course. It was not. It was a Triple Projection on a Zigger Base. There! Ask Reggie Brown. He will tell you. In so many words. Or many more. Go to Yale. You will see something funny. What was it? Le Gore running with the ball for a gain of ten years? No. It was a Semi Close Spread. Or was it a Semi Wide Spread? Ask the coaches, ask anybody Who Knows. Go back to Cambridge. Watch. There it goes. A touchdown. You cheer. What are you cheering? You don't know. Ask Houghton, ask Reggie Brown, ask Me. — I'll tell you. It was Two in Deception. There! What do you know of the Left Triangle, the Right Triangle, the Middle Triangle? Nothing. I knew it. Come with me. Who is this? Yost — Hurry Up Yost. He will tell you there are only four Attacks, and show you the fifth. I know another. It is False Attack. Come to West Point. Ah, this is easy. What do you see? A man with the ball running through the line? No. A Close Slant. Or maybe a Wide Slant. Was it Deception? Was it Force? Ask Charlie Daly, ask anybody Who Knows. Why do you go to see football? Because You Know What You Like. Caught! What do you know about ART? Nothing. What do you know about the Eighth Art? Nothing. Go get on a Zigger Base and Project yourself. Then you will Know.

— Right Wing.

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PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.—No. 2.

Released German barber, who has been interned for the duration of war, goes back to his shop at home, and is waiting for his first English customer.

Time-tables

The time-table, though one of the most widely read pieces of fiction in the country, is one of the few specimens of the printed word which is never read for pleasure. A dictionary makes highly enjoyable reading under many conditions; while a price-list of groceries, an English grammar, or a seed catalogue may be as fascinating as the chief sell of the six best sellers. Some men can immerse themselves for hours in a booklet dealing with nothing except the internal arrangement of a furnace; while the truest form of æsthetic pleasure, for others, consists of browsing among the x's, the cosines and the tangents of a book of higher mathematics. The time-table, however, is utterly devoid of heart-interest or local color. At no point in it does the villain get it in the neck; and one cannot skip to the back page with any hope of reading what the girl says to the hero as he takes her in his arms and presses her to him so passionately that she can breathe through only one lung. The element of humor is totally lacking. If railroad companies would learn to introduce, on every other page, an old negro servant or a quaint Celtic gardener who would emit a few quaint witticisms in an inimitable manner, just as our leading novelists do, the thing might be relieved of a little of its deadly dullness. Even when one reads a time-table to discover the hour of arrival of a loved one, the difficulty of locating the train on the table and the knowledge that the train will undoubtedly be late if one meets it on time, and on time if one gets to the station a trifle late, gives rise to no sensation save exasperated fretfulness. If it is true that the study of Greek, Latin and mathematics develops and stimulates the mind, a careful study of railway guides on the part of the rising generation should develop its mind to such an extent that it would have to wear an 8½ hat. We earnestly advocate the substitution of time-table study for the study of a dead language in our public schools. It should do much to

teach our children not to believe everything they see.

— K. L. Roberts.

Allowable

SAMBO: De paper says dat de golf-champion, during his match, showed great perfishency in handlin' de iron.

RASTUS: Well, dere is no particular disgrace in dat, ez long ez his wife was doin' de washin'.

TEACHER: "But amid all the rejoicing there was one to whom the feast brought no joy; to whom the prodigal's return brought only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast and who had no wish to attend. Now, who was this?"

JOHNNY SMITH: "Please, ma'am, it was the fatted calf."

HE: How many times have you been married, madam?

SHE: Three, but —

HE: Madam, I am taking the census, not proposing.

"Dad, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy, son, is when you put your money in your hip pocket, and let your creditors take your coat."

Theophilus Jackson, who had just been acquitted of the theft of a watch, was most grateful to his young attorney.

"From de bottom of mah heart, I thanks yo'," he said. "I ain't got a cent to pay yo', but heah's de watch. Take it, suh; it's de best I kin do fo' de present, an' I might have another job fo' yo' soon."

"Dearest, I ordered to be sent home to-day a most beautiful hat for only \$30. It's a perfect love!"

"My darling, your love will be returned."

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"I'm thankful that you are hatched out! I was afraid you'd be a bad egg and go on the stage."

Syncopated Pedagogy

By Elias Lieberman

NOTE: Since the old-fashioned college courses in English frequently repel the young and playful student, it is suggested that ragging the instruction might serve to arouse greater interest. Perhaps in the West where radical changes become established customs so quickly, an institution for this purpose may be founded. To symbolize the new spirit and the new age, a statue of Irving Berlin leaning on Beethoven and Wagner would be quite appropriate at the main entrance.

Characters

VERNON TURRET, Professor of English and Modern Dances.

SARINA GALLOP, a fair co-ed.

"BABE" DASHER, a football star.

Other Students.

Scene

Lecture and Dance Hall at the University of Berlin (Irving).

Time

A morning hour in the course on "Milton, the Epic Big Noise."

(As the professor one-steps into the room and takes his place at the reading stand, "Babe" leads the students in the popular college song, "When Work is so Pleasant, It's Poison to Loaf.")

PROFESSOR (as singing subsides):

This lecture is built on

The epics of Milton

Look-a-here, look-a-here, look-a-here.

BABE (snappily): Speed it up, speed it up, speed it up.

SARINA (with feeling):

I'll tell you the truth, sir,

It's only your youth, sir,

That makes us fall at all

For that Milton stuff.

BABE: Lap it up, lap it up, lap it up.

PROFESSOR (snapping his fingers and shrugging his shoulders):

Come have a heart, please,

And I shall impart, please,

How Milton began it.

Yes, Johnnie began it,

The fad to be mad for that glad

(Boom! Boom!) Paradise thing.

CHORUS OF STUDENTS (rising and swaying in time):

Milton began it.

Yes, Johnnie began it,

The fad to be mad for that glad

(Boom! Boom!) Paradise thing.

BABE: Hand it out, hand it out, hand it out.

(Continued on page 24)

We Americans live more carefully these days. We have learned that moderation makes for efficiency and health and prosperity.

And thus the particular man insists upon a mild, mellow Whiskey, every-time, everywhere—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

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Use it day or night

—it cannot explode

15c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.00 bottles. At all druggists



Syncopated Pedagogy (Continued from page 23)

PROFESSOR (in a sympathetic voice — almost tearfully):

His wedlock was scrappy,
Unhappy, though snappy,
(Poor John!)

It tangled his goat.
And so — all aglow
He up and he wrote
(Great pote!)
His "Paradise Lost"

BABE: There may be many luring smiles
among the siren sex

But take it from me
Keep single and free.

SARINA (with an angry stare at the instructor):

Think of his wife, sir!
The plague of her life, sir,
Sitting around
Just sitting around
With nothing to do (Great Scott!)
But scribble his rot.

PROFESSOR: I'm sorry, my child,
That it makes you so wild
To think of the gent.
I didn't invent what you heard
(absurd!)

Right here! (He opens a history of English Literature)

Look, look
It's so in the book.

BABE: Professor, Professor,
You greatly distress her.
Out with the balm, bo,
Out with the balm.

PROFESSOR (soothingly):
If he only had a wife
Like some dainty dames I know
A neat little queen, ah!
Get me, Sarina?
He would have tossed
That "Paradise Lost"
Far away (yes, away)
And happy and gay
He would have written
(You dear little kitten)
(Biff! Bang!) A new cabaret.

PROFESSOR (cakewalking up to center and facing the class):

Though he hadn't a soul
To butter his roll
Or spread his jam (poor lamb!)
At wife's decease,
In a moment of peace
Weak and blind (never mind!)
He grinned and he wrote
(wise pote!)
His Paradise —
Yes, Paradise
Regained.

CHORUS (repeating the lesson):
He grinned and he wrote
(wise pote!)
His Paradise —
Yes, Paradise
Regained.

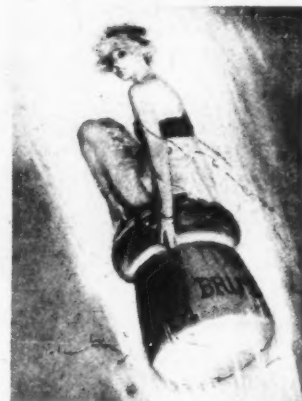
(The bell rings to mark the end of the recitation period. Professor and students dance out to the tune of "The Paradise Glide" especially written for the occasion.)

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SVENGALI AND TRILBY —Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

Unconvinced

BEFUDDLED CITIZEN: C'd you d'rect me to th' other side of th' street ('c)?

PASSERBY: Certainly, my good man: over there is the other side.

BEFUDDLED CITIZEN: Y're mishtaken. I was just over there, an' they told me thish was it.

"Could you lend me ten dollars until to-morrow?"

"Couldn't you make it the day after — so many of my friends have promised to pay me 'to-morrow' that you might have difficulty horning into my office."

WIFE (reading war news): Who is to blame for all this fighting?

HUSBAND: Well, I proposed; but you needn't have accepted me!

WOMAN: Poor man! I suppose you never get a kind or appreciative word.

HOB0: Oh, yes I does, lady! I writes poetry, and gets rejection slips.

FRIEND: What caused your nervous breakdown, old man—overwork?

SCENARIO WRITER (formerly a playwright): No; the strain of such frequent first nights.

Mrs. Gildicuffs was reproving her little daughter. "Jane," said the mother, "didn't I tell you not to speak until the grown-up people stop talking?"

"But, mamma," sobbed Jane, wiping her tear-dampened cheeks, "they—they never stop!"

Automobile Standpoint

WILLIE WILLIS (on train): What did they stop the train for?

MAMMA WILLIS: They are going to put on another engine.

WILLIE WILLIS: What's the matter? Did they puncture the other-one?

JEROME: How is Dasher coming along with his stories?

MRS. DASHER: Famously! If his rejection slips were profit-sharing coupons, we'd have enough for a new living-room rug.

"What became of Bump, who used to be the railroad claim adjuster in your town?"

"He was elected Judge, but he didn't last. Too lenient with offenders."

"What made him that way?"

"Force of habit. He never gave anybody half what they deserved, you know."

A disheveled citizen rushed into a Kansas City police station this morning and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me was No. 13033," he sputtered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit and I want—I want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate of speed he was going? I want extradition papers!"

TEACHER: You have spelled the word "rabbit" with two t's. You must omit one.

TOMMY: Yes'm. Which one?

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ART EDITOR: "You say these jokes are original with you?"
 "Oh, yes sir!"
 "Strange! You don't look to be a centenarian."

DOCTOR: How much whisky do you drink a day?

STRANGER: About two quarts!

DOCTOR: And how long have you been doing it?

STRANGER: About twenty years.

DOCTOR: And hasn't it interfered with your business?

STRANGER: Not a particle.

DOCTOR: And what is your business?

STRANGER: I'm a doctor.

FOOTPAD (relieving Jones of his wallet, watch, ring, and stud): I hate to do dis, but I'm forced to.—I'm de waitaer dat you used to give five-cent tips to.

BESS: His debts are large, but he has money enough to pay them all!

BELLE: Then marry him quickly, or he may!

"Which of those girls is his wife?"

"The one in pink! Cannot you see the love-light in the eyes of the other?"

"There are fewer arrests here than formerly."

"Is the town getting better, or the cops worse?"

WOMAN: Perhaps you would like a little whisky?

TRAMP: Ah, mum—you remind me of my good old mother—in Maine!

TEACHER: If a man buys a car for \$2,000.00, and sells it for \$399.98, what does he lose?

BOY: The friendship of the gent he sells it to.

Wall Street brokers, being once more prosperous, are said to be going in for art. Fiscal culture, obviously.

Six lifers from Sing Sing escaped and hid on John D. Rockefeller's estate, but were fortunately captured before they had a chance to interfere with Mr. Rockefeller's golf game.

"Hello Huck!"



RECALL THAT GOLDEN DAY WHEN YOU FIRST READ "HUCKLEBERRY FINN." How your mother said, "For goodness sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

Today when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so

true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of human life more bearable.

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His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, till his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. But his troubles were not over. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

The world has asked is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

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Some Stars in The Housewife's Galaxy

Anna Steese Richardson, the originator of the Better Babies Movement, and a well-known contributor on feminine subjects to all the leading magazines, is writing for us a series of articles which will prove of vital interest to the young woman who is just beginning her life's work.

Mabel Potter Daggett, one of the foremost writers in the country, for the November *Housewife* has prepared an article on "The Amazing Woman Who Votes." Throughout 1917 Mrs. Daggett will contribute other articles of tremendous value to the wideawake, progressive, American woman.

The Housewife has always stood for the best and cleanest in fiction, and our policy in that respect will not vary one whit. A glimpse of the following list of headlines gives you an idea of the rare literary treat in store for you during the coming year.




Helen Christine Bennett, Evelyn Gill Klahr, Anna Brownell Dunaway, Marjorie L. Prentiss, Jane Guthrie, Holworthy Hall, Ellis Parker Butler, Alice Garland Steele, Emerson Taylor, Alice Louise Lee, Helen Topping Miller, Mabel Dill. The following well-known artists also contribute to the artistic development of *The New Housewife*: Walter Tittle, John R. Neill, P. J. Monahan, W. B. King, R. M. Crosby, C. Clyde Squires, F. Earle Christy, Robert A. Graef, Roy J. Pomeroy, Edmund Frederick, Harry Linnell, August Spaenkuch, Edna F. Hart, Olga Heese, Clarence H. Rowe, Harry Townsend, Harry Fisk, Charles A. MacLellan, P. V. E. Ivory.

Departments

Lillian Dynevor Rice, known to the large family of *Housewife* readers, continues to edit the many helpful departments planned for our magazine. These departments include *Mother's Realm*, *Your Wider Horizon*—a monthly resume of current happenings affecting women, by Mabel Potter Daggett. *What One Woman Did for Her Town*, *Seasonable Home Entertainments*, *Household Budgets*, *Children's Department*, etc. Of especial importance is our *Cookery Department*, which is designed not only to aid the housewife in feeding her family, but also in entertaining her guests. The editor will always answer promptly any questions bearing on culinary matters.

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